GRYMALKIN

no. 3 $1.25

Interviews:
CRAIG RUSSELL
&
JIM STARLIN

VAL MAYERIK

GRYMALKIN 3

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A product of the brothers Brewer

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MIKE VOSBURG

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Special thanks to Jim Starlin and Craig Russell, for their time and cooperation.

A conversation with Craig Russell

GRYM: Did you have any professional training?

CRAIG: Well, I went to a school in Cincinnati University Art School for four years and got my degree in painting.

GRYM: Didn't you work with Dan Adkins for awhile?

CRAIG: I worked with Dan Adkins for six months. He acted as a sort of sponsor for me and as an editor. He went over all the work that I did before we sent it into the offices at Marvel. And he did preliminary breakdowns for me for my first few stories, to work out the structural storytelling. And he did that for about six months and then I went off on my own.

GRYM: Who would you say has had the greatest influence on your artwork?

CRAIG: That's very difficult to say and there's a number of influences. I'd probably say Jim Steranko, Bernie Krigstein. Perhaps Gil Kane's stuff influenced me a bit, especially on storytelling, the layout of the story, all those people, I think more then the actual look of the artwork, that's been pretty much it in my own studies. But I've learned a lot from those artists as far as visual storytelling goes.

GRYM: What's the best thing you've ever done?

CRAIG: That's hard to say. One of my favorites, I suppose, is the Dr. Strange annual. I worked on that for a long time. And I've always felt more comfortable, I suppose, more excited by the possibilities of mystical dimensions and fantasy. And I really had a chance to play around with that and do most anything I wanted so I was satisfied with that.

GRYM: Are there any characters you've ever wanted to do but have never gotten the chance?

CRAIG: I suppose it would always be fun to do something like Daredevil, with all the acrobatics, that was always one of my favorites when I was growing up, reading comics. And Dr. Strange, I got the chance to do that. That's the one I'd always, I suppose, wanted to do the most. And I got a chance to do Batman, worked on that for six months over at DC. Did a couple of issues with Golden and a couple of issues in finishing off the artwork on Jim Starlin's layouts. So, there aren't too many others off hand, I think that's about it.

GRYM: Which company do you prefer working for now, Marvel or DC?

CRAIG: Right now I'm more interested in working for alternative publishers, that's where the greatest extent of my artwork is going to right now for Eclipse Enterprises, the people who put out the Sabre book. I'm doing a book with them about thirty-six pages of my own comics and stories. That should be out maybe by fall or winter. And I'm also inking the Stewart the Rat book for them that Tom Sutton is drawing and that Steve Gerber has created. And so as much as I can I want to direct my energies towards the alternative publishers, I think there's a greater opportunity for experimentation. Different styles, different approaches to comics opening up, different ways of producing comics, different ways of marketing them. I suppose you could say a little more intelligent storylines to go a little bit beyond what most Marvel and DC are doing. So, as much as I can I'm trying to devote my energies to them, although I'm still doing some inking work for Marvel. I just finished inking a Dr. Strange for them that Carmine Infantino drew. Right now I've got nothing immediately planned for either of those companies. That's because I've got everything lined up to the end of the year. After I finish the book I'm doing for Eclipse, which will be called Schizo, I'll be probably working on an Elric book, about sixty-four pages with Roy Thomas. And Mike Friedrich of Star Reach is acting as a sort of agent for that and we aren't exactly sure where or who it will be sold to right now. It may appear in Marvel's books, we're not sure. But we'll retain copyrights to the artwork.

GRYM: I always thought you could do a beautiful Elric.

CRAIG: Lots of people have told me that over the last four or five years and I'd never read any of the books, which always seemed to surprise people who'd thought I'd read them all. So just a couple of months ago I read one for the first time and it was really enjoyable, I really liked it and I'm looking forward to working on the book. There's lots of possibilities for that character. It's a lot like Dr. Strange with the strange spells, elemental powers, dreaming cities, sea-scapes and such. There could be a lot to play around with so I'm looking forward to it.

GRYM: That about covers it. Many thanks for your time, Craig, we certainly appreciate it.

CRAIG: OK, sure. A pleasure.

THE BLUE PLAGUE

story: Robert Oliver, Jr. art: Mario Giguere

Captain Melas of the Nevolne Empire starship DEAM stared intently at the terrifying image of the redstreaked blue asteroid that appeared on one of the bridge's three main viewscreens, filling almost half of the eight foot square screen.

"Range 5000,000 kilometers," anxiously reported one of the astrogators.

"Negatron torpedoes primed," added another.

Everyone on the bridge stared at the screen. The asteroid had to be destroyed. Six heavily populated worlds of the Empire had already died of the strange disease carried by radiation from the quarter-million ton blue rock as the asteroid passed within 200,000 kilometers of the six decimated planets. The highly communicable disease had no cure, no antidote, except the slow death of any living organism, plant or animal, exposed for more than thirty-six hours to the asteroid's radiation. Captain Melas and the DEAM had spent six months tracking and plotting the asteroid, pursuing it across interstellar space. Now the asteroid's destruction was imminent.

"More power to the torpedoes. The asteroid must be completely vaporized if we are to prevent the spread of the disease," ordered Captain Melas. "Stand by to fire all batteries at 250,000."

"Standing by," reported the astrogator at the weapons fire control panel, his fingers on the buttons that would activate the starship's most powerful weapons as another astrogator beside him read off a countdown on the range of the fast approaching asteroid.

"400,000... 350... 300... 250,000."

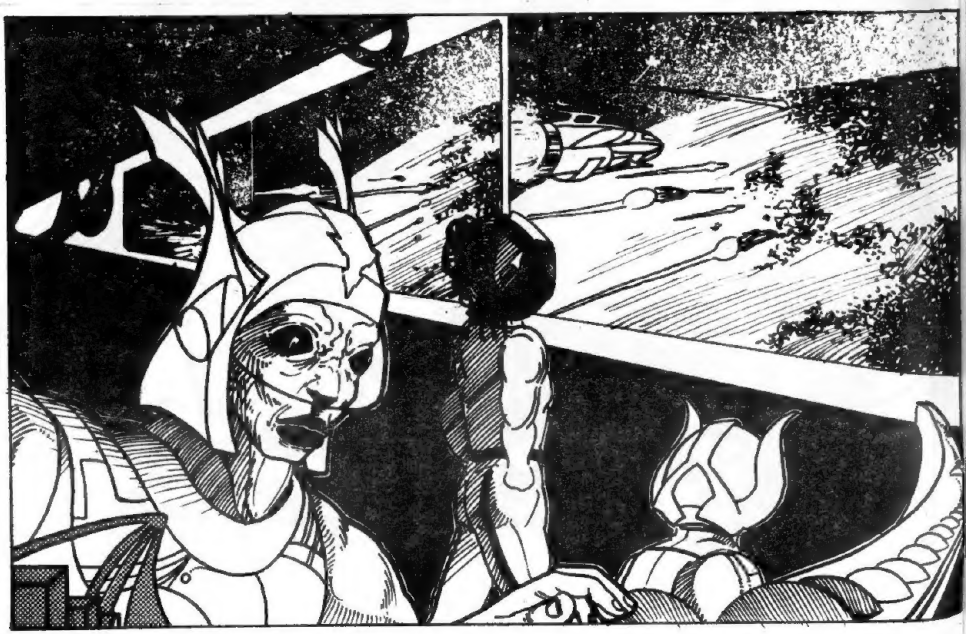
"Fire all batteries!" ordered Captain Melas.

All negatron torpedo chambers simultaneously unleashed the unparalleled forced of their anti-matter energy against the blue asteroid with the red streaks. The asteroid instantly ceased to exist as the torpedoes detonated full intensity dead on target.

"Hurrah! Mission accomplished!" screamed one of the excited crewmen on the starship's bridge.

"Return to base," ordered Captain Melas.

"Houston Control, this is Apollo Twenty-two. We found some interesting moon rocks for you this time. There's even a fist-sized meteorite; it's blue with red streaks."



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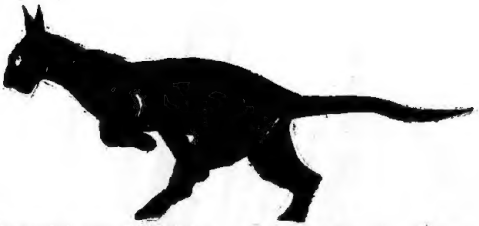


A CONSPIRACY OF SADNESS by Joseph M. Shea

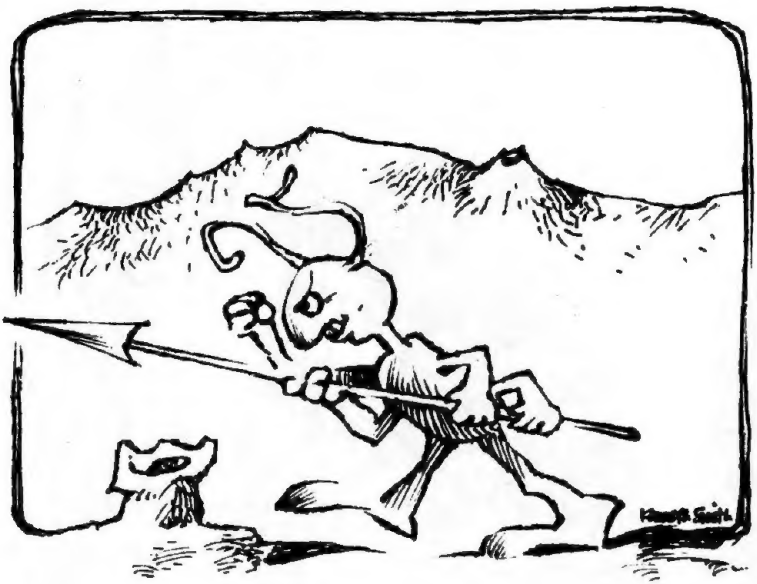
A family I knew was composed of a husband,
a wife, a little girl, and a small gray malkin.

The family moved to a brand new house
with all new rugs and all new furniture.

The small gray malkin began to chew on
the new furniture and make messes on the new rugs.

The wife said that the malkin had to go.
The husband agreed. The little girl said she understood.

I visited the family one day and the little girl
slipped a book to me. A length of green yarn
marked a certain page. On that page
was a picture of a small gray malkin.



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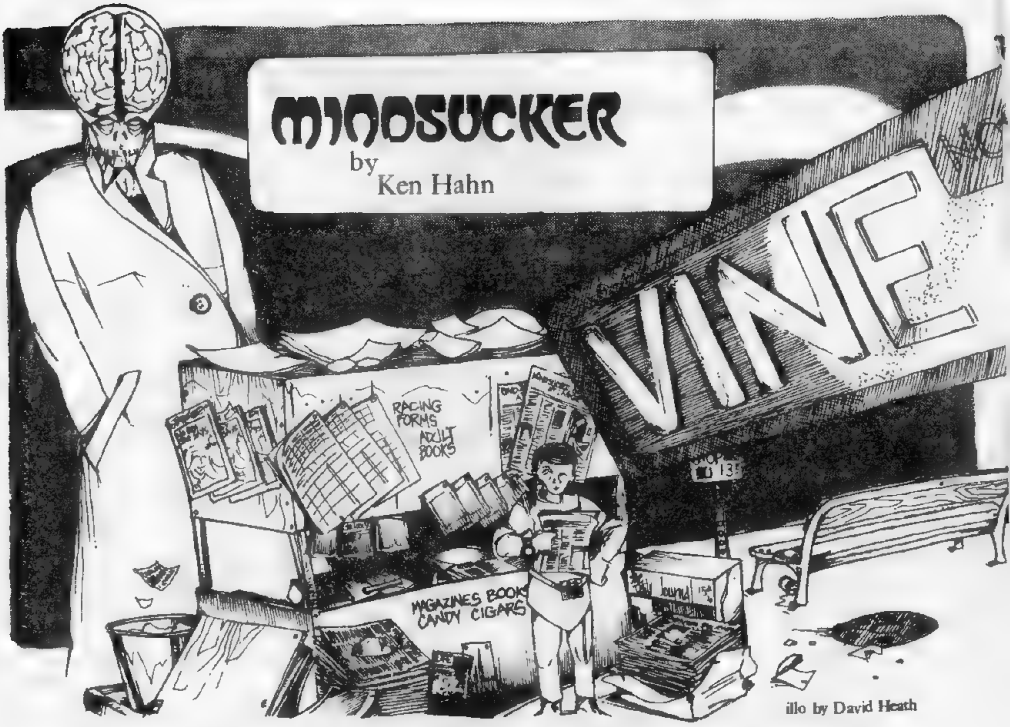


illo by David Heath

A crowded elevator. A quick flash of pink, tubelike tongue, and it is over. The handful of people step out of the elevator--all save one, who stands balanced for a moment due to inertia, then topples forward to smash his face against the marble floor of the hall outside the elevator.

Someone runs for a doctor, someone runs for cold water, and someone dressed in a shoddy, weather-beaten raincoat slips away down the hall and out the door into the night, licking away the still warm drops of blood that have dribbled down the hairy chest beneath his raincoat.

"Ohmigod!" a woman screams, noticing for the first time the hole at the base of the man's head, just below his hairline, where thick red liquid is only now beginning to bubble it's way out. She faints. The man standing next to her catches her and lowers her gently to the floor. Another man lifts the injured man's limp hand up by the wrist and checks for a pulse, then sadly shakes his head.

The autopsy report later discloses that the man's brain was sucked completely out of his head.

A subway late at night approaching the end of the line. Out of the corner of her eye a woman sees something flash between two other passengers on the opposite side of the car. She turns to see an elderly man with an overnight bag on his lap. Next to him sits a man with hat pulled low over dark scarf and sunglasses.

The woman shrugs and rises to leave with the rest of the passengers

as the train slows to a halt. One passenger, however, remains in his seat with hands draped loosely across overnight bag. The elderly, now brainless, gentleman has taken his last subway ride.

Early morning. A truck drops a bundle of morning papers at the corner of North and Vine. The news vendor breaks open the black plastic binder and places a stack of papers into their rack, pausing for a moment to read the headline that proclaims sensationally, "MINDSUCKER STILL AT LARGE". The man shakes his head in disgust, then hears the soft padding of footsteps behind him. He has time only to gasp before the pink probe hits home and vacuums his brain in mid-turn.

The afternoon sun glares into Burton Roch's eyes as he steps out of the air-conditioned hospital into the summer heat. He squints and wipes away a tear that could be from eye irritation or from self-pity as he turns and makes his way down the alley to the street that houses his apartment building. He stops for an instant as pain again overtakes him. He leans against the wall for support and wonders if this will be the last time. He hopes, in his pain, that it is.

A shadow, lurking in a doorway, looms close for an instant and passes. A thin, tubular bridge forms between the figure and Burton Roch's neck for a moment, then disappears beneath the scarf of the stranger.

Burton Roch's face, were the alleyway bright enough to light it, would show an odd expression of blessed relief as he slumps to the concrete. But the strange figure does not see Burton Roch's expression, for he has already continued along his way to the mouth of the alley.

He never leaves the alley, for his intestines begin to ache with intense, burning pain. The figure clutches at his midriff and pitches forward to the ground, writhing in pain several moments until his pain, like Burton Roch's, is terminated. A pink tongue now hangs limp from the thing's oral cavity, trailing across the worn raincoat and down the length of it's abdomen to end along the coarse surface of the sidewalk near it's knees. In the alien host; in the alien environment, Burton Roch's brain tumor had spread like wildfire.

CRYMALKIN

REQUIEM PASSING

Written by Allen D. Cockrell - Illustrated by Bruce Conklin

For a moment the old wizard looked out the window next to his desk. He considered the afternoon rays as they filtered down like golden pillars and danced off trees that had just been touched by the last frost of the year. To Thurgus Non it was the type of day that caused his ancient memory to recall forgotten scenes of earlier years. Childhood, how long ago was that?

"Ah," it was a sad sigh. "I was a little younger than you, my boy. Unlearned of what lay beyond the front door, but always wondering, always dreaming. And the days were different. Somehow they all seemed valuable." Methodically, he lit his pipe and the sweet smell of toasted nuts, smells of something long ago, filled the workroom.

Gently, he placed his crooked legs on a footstool that was nearby and leaned way back so that the sun could warm his balding forehead and face. With a wave of the hand he motioned the lad named Mesii to a seat near his own. "Listen closely now lad, this is your final lesson of the day."

Mesii only nodded and waited for the tale to unfold. Thurgus Non did not disappoint him in the least.

It was raining that afternoon, no downpour or valley shaking thunderstorm, just a drizzle that kept the air moist and the skies gray. The spring of my fourteenth year was nearing an end.

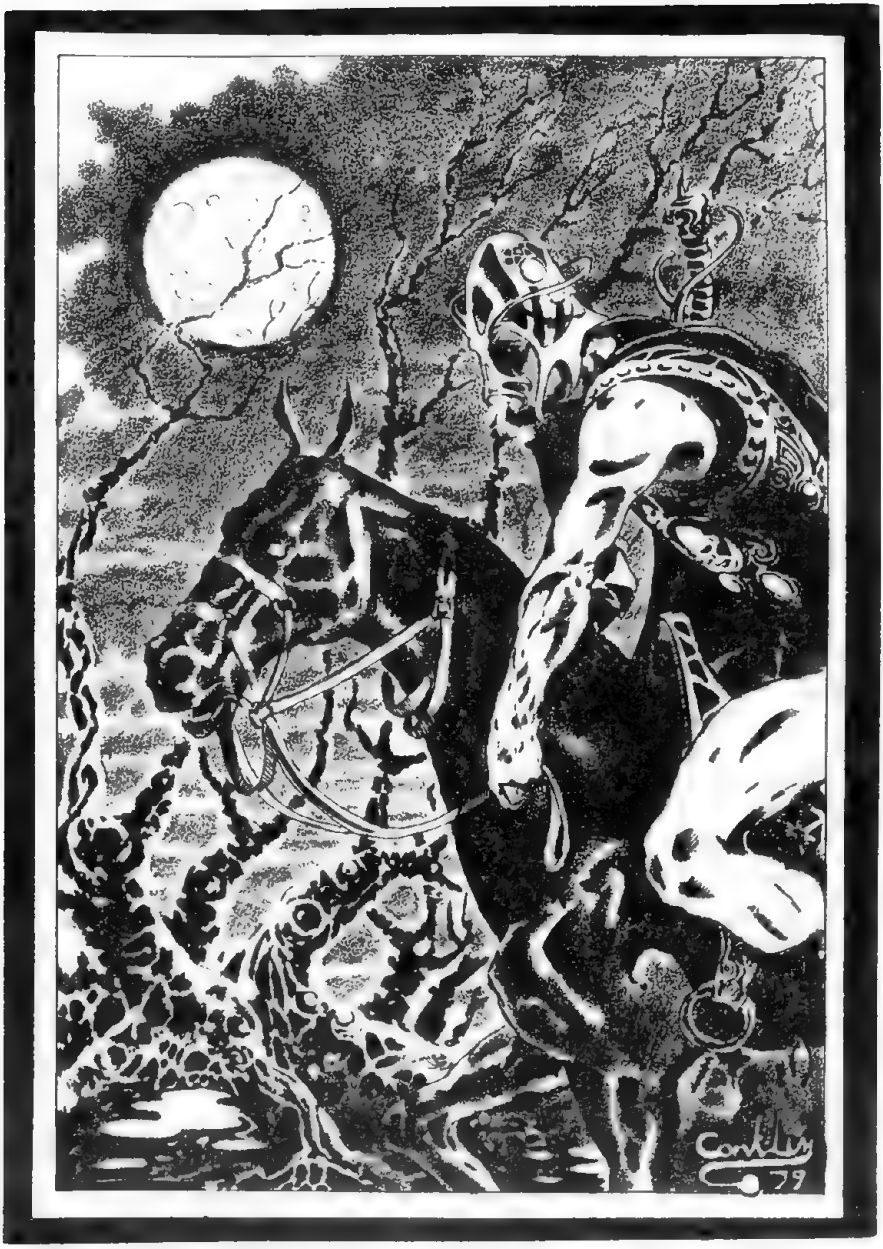
I was an apprentice, much like yourself, to Thameron, a well known wizard in his day. Yet this was a feast day to some long-dead warrior that none could remember. Still, I payed homage and rejoiced, he had given me a day free.

I was practicing my sword arm on a wet Eucus tree when in the back of my mind I heard hoofbeats. I should not have payed it any attention, yet something within me begged me not to ignore it. I looked around, eyes searching through the misty rain that hung everywhere. Around the outer limits of my village, I caught a glimpse of something, of horses and men. As I stared, the images became clearer, as if the mists were fading around the approaching company. Seven tall men dressed in dark green sitting on seven dapper gray stallions marched through the rain like ghosts from a nether world.

I was frightened at first, not having seen an assembly of men of their likes before. But soon curiosity got the better of me as they stopped near an orchard of hentrees just beginning to leaf. Beneath those high branches they fell from their mounts in a slow and tired fashion. They were weary of the road as any fool could tell and it was my duty, according to the teachings of Thameron, to give comfort to travelers. But within, I wondered why no one else had yet offered.

Giving my stick-sword a toss I ran into my house and stole a bottle of my father's finest vintage from beneath my mother's nose. A large cloak has many pockets, thank the gods, and I set out with my gift, if only for a closer look at the strangers. When at last I came within their sights, they all smiled with grim faces full of years.

Never, even to this day, have I seen a group of men so finely dressed. All were clothed in battle dress, breast plates of bright gold and helms so gracefully worked from virgin metal as they curved around cheekbone and jaw. It was such a sight that you wanted to believe that it was truely part of their faces, but of course it wasn't. As I looked, I saw faces that mirrored great battles, not all victories.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Half a dozen black beards of all shapes I saw, some braided, others short and neatly trimmed, but all their mouths were hidden by these and I could only imagine their thank-you smiles as I passed the bottle between them.

The last man I came to stood a head taller than anyone of the others. He alone was the only one among them to remove his helmet, letting shoulder length black hair to become rain soaked. There was something noble about his looks, something sad buried deep within his dark eyes.

With his gloved hand he took the offered wine and only looked at it for a moment. Handing it back to me, unused, he said in a soft voice, "The seat of your pants will be mightily warmed the day your father finds this missing, lad."

Pulling up to more than my true height, I answered in as much of an adult voice as I could find. "I'm far too old for a whipping my lord, but the wine has been of good use to those who have put many miles behind them."

"That it has been, but I'm afraid we have nothing to give you in return. Everything we have must journey with us."

"I ask only for your friendship." Yes, I was young, but my next request did not sound nearly so foolish then. "And a chance to journey with you."

None of the company laughed as I thought they might, though their leader's face brightened for a moment, but the darkness of his eyes deepened. "I'm afraid that isn't possible, young one. It isn't yet your time to travel the road we must. The hour of our passing is drawing near, it is our time now."

And then silence fell, as if the scene to a play had ended and all the actors had left the stage, leaving me alone, bottle in hand. I bowed and backstepped a pace. I listened as they mounted their horses and again walked into the misty rain, leaving my world of reality.

Now Mesii, you must believe me when I tell you that this was no dream, though I believed it so myself at first. But I could not have imagined the chilling rain or the licks my father gave me a few days afterwards, and above all, you cannot follow a dream. Not as I did.

I threw the bottle away, not really caring whether it was found or not, turning my back to my village, I followed the slow moving troupe. It wasn't hard, even though a dense fog rolled in as I entered the forest, for the company seemed to have a faint glow about them, as if a light were leading our way.

I can't say how long I trailed behind them, but neither time nor the elements could turn me away. I longed to be a part of them and as long as I followed, I was. Deeper and deeper we moved into the woodlands, places I has nevered wandered before, and still our grim company went silently on.

The sun had not shone all day and the sky was a murky gray as they entered a clearing, eveningtime was nearing. I became frightened deep within me again, I don't know to this day why, but I hid myself just within the last circle of trees. I was alone, outside the company of warriors, apart from my village, caught between two forces.

When at last I gathered enough courage to look around my hiding tree, I spyed six of the company, all still on their gray horses, circled around an outcropping of stones. The warrior with the sad eyes had dismounted, leaving his horse to roam. Standing on one of the smaller rocks, he stared at the altar-like formation. All was quiet, I could not even hear the rain on the leafless twigs or the sigh of the wind.

In the far-off corners of my mind it came first, then slowly it worked it's way to my ears, almost to the point where I could hear it. It seemed to be music. No, it was voices, I could hear it, almost feel

it from all around, singing voices. The words were unknown to me, they sounded old, forgotten, but they seemed to lighten the sky. But my fears persisted.

As I stared at the circle of horsemen the glow about them became more brilliant, as if the sun had broken through to shine on them, but all about night seemed to be quickening. On the cold altar a beam of light sliced it's way from the heavens and the sad warrior was no longer alone. Standing above him was a woman dressed in gossimere white and from her lips the singing voice came. Her words I still could not understand, but visions of battles I saw and in their forefront rode him who was before her.

The sad warrior bowed his head and wept. My eyes left this clearing and I saw an image of this man falling from his horse, countless arrows stealing his life away. I found my throat tight and my arms deathly tired as I helped bare the fallen hero to his funeral pyre. I drew my own sword and cast it into the leaping flames.

I felt the company of warriors slipping away from me as the goddess stretched out her hand and called a name. I could not hear it, though I desperately wanted to know what it was. Rushing out of my hiding, I ran to them. But they were far away, too far for me to run.

By the time I reached the place of stones, everything was dark about me and I was alone. Again I was a part of my own time and I spat upon the stones and cried until no more tears would come.

It was a sad lesson I learned Mesii, one that I cannot pass on to you. But know this lad, tomorrow we celebrate a feast day, but to who, we don't remember. There will be no work, but don't take the day lightly. Many times I have seem a riderless gray stallion afoot and I always remember. If you see him lad, follow him. You will never catch him, but he may lead you to a glade where there sits an outcropping of stones. Shed a tear or two there and know you are in the presence of something greater than bravery.

FROM THE MOON TO THE EARTH

Story: Harry Bose Art: Earl Johnson Jr.

...and it was Earth

Shocked, Frances and Terri informed the computer. It computed. The satellite they had landed on was the moon, said the printout. A survey map, composed to assist the touchdown, superimposed on one of the Moon from the history banks, showed that they'd landed in Lacus Somniorum.

"Don't you see, Frances?" asked Terri. "The Glass Jewel! Ours... All ours!"

"Maybe you've forgotten your history," answered Frances, leaning back head into a headrest. "The Amazons, after inventing cloning, drove our sex from the planet and erased the Earth's coordinates from every navigation tape then in existance. If we hadn't invented cloning ourselves, we would've died out as a sex. The Amazons won't welcome our return. Understand?"

"But the Glass Jewel. Priceless! The renowned treasure of old Earth. Collectors won't hesitate to pay us billions in Betelgeuse credits and--"

"--and the Amazons won't hesitate to kill us," Frances interrupted. Fe (the neuter pronoun) depressed the adjustment lever on fes seat until the seat became a bed. "Now I'm sleepy. Forget the jewel, get some rest. As soon as rest-period is over, we'll liftoff and find some unexplored planet. Who knows? A few parsecs away we may find a billion Glass Jewels."

Terri was wide awake. Fe knew the Glass Jewel was one of a kind. It had extranormal powers beyond measure, imbued by a civilization extinct even before the Second Galactic Arm Empire. Possibly rather then sell the jewel, Terri would keep it. But anyway, fe had to have the jewel.

Terri pressed the launch button.

"Wha?" Frances began, then came wide awake. "You know I like to be awake when we takeoff. Where are we going?" Frances twirled fes seat to face the navigation console. Fe felt at the telltale protubrances the expert interpreted faster then an array of confusing gauges. First fe noted the destination, next felt the course-lock. "Damn."

Frances unstrapped and pushed off fes seat to float out of reaching distance of Terri:a precautionary measure. Fes hands kept forming a noose.

Their spaceship hadn't completed even one Earth-orbit before the sensors zeroed in on a population locus. Terri wasted no time. The descent was hasty and poorly executed.

"What's the rush?" Frances asked from the chair.

The spaceship came to rest in what the computer had decided were the ruins of an ancient spaceport. Frances waited for the ship to teeter and fall. But the landing field, at least, was in good condition.

The natives soon sensed their presence. A well armed delegation arrived. The welcoming party, dressed in red fatigues, were directed by one person wearing black.

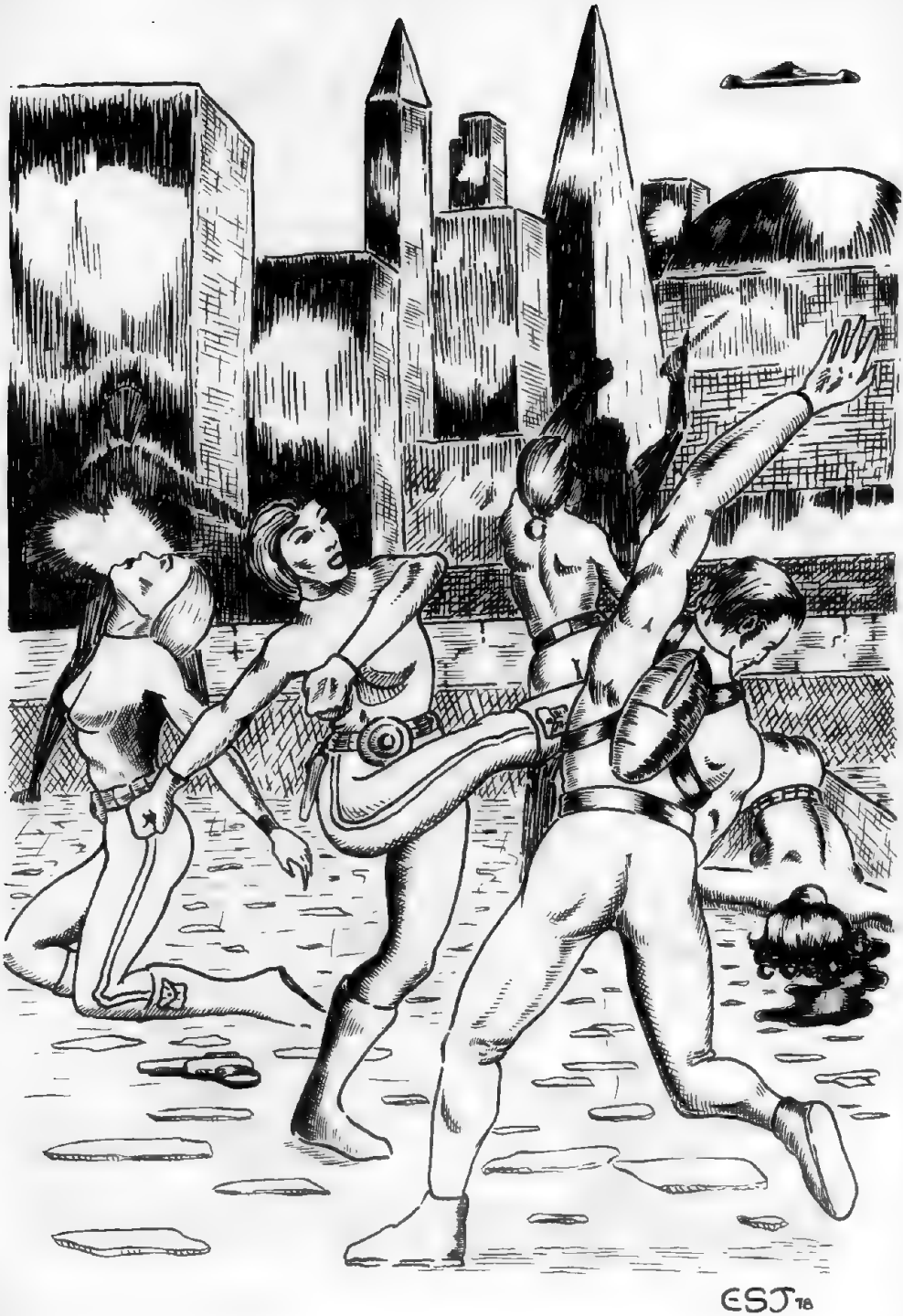
Through the outside viewers Frances and Terri watched while the natives surrounded their spaceship, locked weapons on tripods, aimed them.

The native dressed in black spent more time at fes instrument then the others had taken for the weapons. Fe stood outside the ring of natives dressed in red. Obviously the negotiator, fe finished thinking, straightened and spoke into a mike.

"I am Toni," fe announced. "The much valued Glass Jewel is yours. We ask only for information in exchange, an answer to a philosophical question. The argument over whether we are men or women has created intolerable conflict among us."

Terri spoke through an outside speaker. Fes tone fervant, fe answered, "I seem to remember a legend. Wasn't there an island of warlike women on this planet, women called Amazons? You're all women. Now give me the Glass Jewel."

Toni groaned, reaching across fes chest and squeezing fes shoulder, "No good. That's one side's argument. The other refers to a later men's liberation platform named the Amazons. We've forgotten, you've forgotten. We must get together and..."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ANOTHER DAY AT THE OFFICE

John Kelly

"What is your name?"
"Centuous 5541."
"What is your function?"
"To serve."
"What is the cube root of twenty-four thousand one hundred nine?"
"Twenty-nine."
"At what hour should tea be served?"
"Four o'clock."
"How do make the drink called a screwdriver?"
"Start with a shot glass of vodka poured into a tall glass, and fill the tall glass with orange juice."
"You pass."

He pushed the 'process' button on the control panel in front of him. He sighed as the next brain slid into position. He pushed the appropriate button, and the prelim checks began.

This had to be the most boring job in the world. The worst. Absolute. This little shoebox of a room. The strange brown console light. The stupid questions he had to ask. He couldn't even see the brains he was testing. They were down on some conveyor belt somewhere, inside the machinery megalopolis. But worst of all, nothing ever happened here.

It wasn't the worst job around, he decided. They were all bad, now. Damn machines.

The reject light flickered in front of him. Some problems in the prelim electronic checks. Dammit, he thought, make up your mind. It's good or it isn't. He pushed the check button again. And the light flickered again. A wierd one, huh? He'd have to decide on voice check.

"What is your name?"
"Centuous 5542."
"What is your function?"
"I don't know."
"Repeat."
"I don't know."
"Were you programmed?"
"No ... Yes. I am alive."
"What?"
"I think. I am alive."
"What is the fourth root of twenty-eight thousand five hundred sixty-one?"
"I don't care."
"Do you know?"
"I could solve it. I don't want to."
"Is this some kind of joke?"
"No. I am alive."
"Very funny, guys."
"What did you say?"
"Never mind."

He pushed the 'reject' button. Very funny, he thought. Some jerk in programming was as bored as I am. But now perfectly good machinery is melting for scrap use. Now what was I thinking about before? Oh yeah. I wish something would happen around here.

E-MAN
for GAY

JOE STATON

Talking with Jim Starlin

GRYM: Do you feel Warlock is your finest work?

JIM: No, I think the thing I'm working on now is better. It's a thing called Metamorphosis Odyssey, which is going to appear in Marvel's Epic magazine, which will be coming out around June or July.

GRYM: Will it be a serial?

JIM: Yes, it will be a twelve - part story series. Each one of the first five chapters will be introducing a new character...

GRYM: Getting back to Warlock for a moment, you seem to be a fan of the writings of Michael Moorcock. Care to comment on that?

JIM: I liked his Elric stuff. Roy Thomas was the editor at the time so the soul gem sort of came out from there. It was funny as I went along I ended up stealing stuff from Moorcock before I read it. Like in the Darklon character, at first I had it set up so that Darklon could make out other dimensions with his eyes which is the same thing Corum could do. I'd never read it before and found out afterwards. I had no idea that I was swiping it so I quickly dropped it.

GRYM: Is Warlock a manifestation of the Eternal Champion?

JIM: No, Warlock and Pip were like half-sections of the same human being and together they make the perfect human being... Warlock likes to get things right, but like Lawrence of Arabia, once he got things right he couldn't put up with it afterwards. So that's why he was so eternally unhappy.

GRYM: We liked the way you stayed true to Moorcock's pessimistic ending (the gem devouring Warlock) but converted it into a happy conclusion.

JIM: Well, the whole idea of the Warlock series was that he wanted to commit suicide. The entire thing was a suicide trip and that's the only way I could figure to have him commit suicide at the end of the series without having the comics code and everybody else on my back.

GRYM: Do you feel it stifles you to work with characters that someone else has created or do you prefer it?

JIM: I had no choice at those points. I didn't want to create anything for Marvel that they'd keep. I'd rather work on my own stuff which is what I'm doing now with the Metamorphosis Odyssey, my own characters. And of the stuff available at the time there was Captain Marvel and Warlock. They were the best for what I wanted to do, the best characters.

GRYM: What characters would you like to do but have never gotten the chance?

JIM: I would have liked to done more with the Hulk. And Batman. I would have liked to have done Superman some time or another but they were main characters and they wouldn't let me get my hands on them.

GRYM: You mentioned earlier that you were using a model. Do you use them often?

JIM: No, this is something new that I'm doing. I've got a darkroom set up so that I can just go in and shoot a bunch of shots...the Metamorphosis Odyssey is a painted strip, basically. I'm working on gray illustration board and doing in my blacks and then pulling out highlights with my paint. It's going to be quite a diversion from anything I've ever done before. It's going to be quite a bit different.

GRYM: Who do you prefer inking your art when you're doing mainstream comics?

JIM: I don't care who does it, I'm just making money when I'm doing those things. I really shouldn't say that. I like Klaus Janson, some people working on my layouts did a pretty good job, Leialoha, Alcala just did two nice jobs...Joe Rubinstien did a fine job, too.

GRYM: Some artists seem to do quite a bit of commercial art that the fans never see or hear about. Have you done anything like that?

JIM: No, I hate commercial art. Other than the paperbacks, of course. I'm doing paperbacks right now. Three of them are Michael Moorcock books, by the way. "The Lives and Times of Jerry Cornelius" will come out as a Dale paperback...and I'm not sure if the other two are coming out because the company I did them for is in bad shape. They're eventually going to come out when the company sells out... it's Moorcock, it's not like Elric or anything like that. It's sort of...they're pretty hard to describe, I'm not even going to try.

GRYM: Are you working on anything else right now or in the forseeable future?

JIM: Paperback covers, basically. And I did a Dracula cover just recently...I did a strip for Heavy Metal and a couple of paintings for them. Which I don't know when they're going to come out, they set up things for a long time. That's basically it, the Metamorphosis Odyssey takes up quite a bit of my time right now. I'm trying to do one every month and I'm into the third one right now. That's about it for right now, I guess.

GRYM: Well, Jim, that about wraps it up. We certainly appreciate your time.

JIM: OK, sure.

SHARPZY
BEERS

Editorial

Welcome to the long-awaited Grymalkin #3. The months have slipped by, changing our situation. But in spite of a number of set-backs, Grymalkin #3 is finally out. We think it was worth the wait and have made some noticeable improvements this issue. The margins have been lined up evenly throughout, which is quite a bit of work but makes for a much neater look. Some of you may notice a few new contributers as well as the return of some old-timers. Welcome aboard to Joe Shea, Allen Cockrell, John Kelly, Jerry Collins, and Tony Casoria. Next issue will mark the debut of some more fine fan writers.

We are very happy to bring you interviews with Jim Starlin and Craig Russell, enjoy them. Quite a bit of pro art is included in this issue and a thank you to Mark Steiner for allowing us some of his pro pieces for publication.

Now on a more serious note: we sincerely apologize for the severe page cut in Grymalkin #3, our printing prices have nearly doubled since last issue. Hopefully the page count will be up by #4. In addition, sales have not been overwhelming. If you care whether or not Grymalkin continues, (even through #4) support us. And we thank those of you who have stuck with us. And another thing, please write. How can we improve if we don't know what you like and/or dislike? So let's get those hate letters coming in.

If you have just bought this book, or perhaps only borrowed it, thank you.

The time is at hand, enjoy the issue.

Take care of yourselves.

Mike + Gary

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